The-only good in patriotism, it seems to me, is the vanity of emulation it communicates to certain minds, otherwise too numb.

Suppress the idea of greater or lesser merit. Your admiration for others will be diminished, but also your admiration for yourself, which is a good thing. And your admiration for God will be increased correspondingly; that is, for the sheer beauty of the act without concern for its difficulty, just as you admire the work of art. Besides, every beautiful action is enviable; rather than congratulating the doer, I could understand envying him.

Succeed in doing through a sense of duty what another would have done through love. The love of God must always dominate the love of man.

The greatest nobility of life is obtained not through love of others but through love of duty.

LEAVES GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE

I

15 December (1895)

Viale dei Colli, San Miniato in the most radiant weather. A sky now but softly overcast, now almost all azure, which deepens toward evening because of the abundant mists: the whole city melts in a golden bake-oven. The roofs are plum-colored; the Duomo with its campanile, the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio rise above the rest; the hills seem remote; the high mountain opposite Fiesole stands out. The wonderful Arno appears in places, as it enters and leaves the city. The sun is setting, bathing with soft and veiled glory this whole scene that we can see from the marble terraces of the cemetery, framed in by mortuary cy-

presses, almost black, severe and most appropriate to Florence.

16 December

Race through the corridors joining the Uffizi to the Palazzo Pitti; the wonderful Palatine Gallery. The head of the young man on the left in Giorgione's *Concert* is made of a marvelous substance. All the tones are melted and fused to form a single, new, hitherto unknown color at any given spot on the canvas — and all so closely linked together that you could not take anything away or add a single touch. Your eyes follow the forehead, the temple, the soft approach to the hair, without finding any trace of a joining; it all seems a melted enamel that had been poured in still liquid form onto the canvas.